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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ROSINA VANGORDEN, OR THE OFFSPRING OF A DAUGHTER.

This is that heir to shame and pain,
For whom I only could descry
A world of trouble and disdain;
Yet could I bear to see her die,
Or stretch her feeble hands in vain,
Or, weeping, beg of me supply? *Crabbe.*

The home of Rosina Vangorden was a beautiful spot. It was in Germany, situated in a valley, where nature had with bounteous hand rendered every object pleasing to the eye, as was the climate conducive to the health of those who had the happiness there to reside. Rosina was scarce thirteen, when she was deprived of her whose tender hand reared her from her infancy, and was all to her that a mother could be, leaving her to soothe the solitude of the old widower, Christian Vangorden, and little Wilfred, his son, then six years of age. Rosina had received but a very limited education, yet her natural abilities were such as would tend to the belief that she had obtained one of no ordinary character. Like most Germans, Christian Vangorden was of a morose and impatient temper, yet when the heat of his passion was over, (for it was ever too violent to be of long duration,) he would be all kindness, and prove that his heart was not moulded to nourish malice against any mortal. Christian had once been wealthy; the loss of his worldly wealth would have had but little weight in the balance of his existence, yet he had been visited by misfortunes of a character which were greatly calculated to increase the natural moroseness of his disposition, and imbue it with a distrust of mankind. He did not hate his fellow beings—far from it; he received them suspiciously, encouraged intimacy with none, and although the neighbors called him 'Misanthrope,' yet, if they could have read his heart, they would have found that it contained more of pity than hatred towards his fellow men. Still he distrusted them; even his Rosina, dearly as he loved her, did not receive his confidence, though frequently he would sit still and gaze on her, with his piercing black eyes beaming with affection, and exclaim, "yet heaven knows I believe the child is all innocence and artlessness." In this distrust of mankind he would even educate the

little Wilfred; he taught the boy ever to fear man rather than trust him, to believe all corrupt rather than place confidence in their virtue, and to be careful, above all, how he should admit any to his friendship.

Far different were the lessons the child received from Rosina; the young and inexperienced girl taught him, that he should think all mankind virtuous rather than suppose them vicious, to believe all sincere rather than suspect them of deceit, and endeavor to make friends rather than repulse any advances that might be made to his friendship. Yet the boy did not live to reap the advantages that would have resulted from either of those lessons, (for both had their advantages)—even in this valley of heathfulness, the child sickened and died, and was laid in the grave beside his mother. Christian wept not—he sighed deeply as the earth was heaped over the coffin, and he bowed low over the little mound—"I need not weep," said he, "my heart is like a soil which a long drought has blasted, to which the dews of heaven give no freshness—tears will not relieve it; nay, I should not mourn, my boy has been spared perhaps falling a victim to the perfidies of mankind—I will not regret thy loss, my Wilfred—it is too selfish: thou art happier with Him who created thee, and His will be done."

This was a heavy blow to Christian, although he did not murmur. From the day that her brother was buried, Rosina's vicissitudes seemed to commence—she had often mourned the absence of her father's confidence—she often sighed to know the history of his sorrows, (for she believed he had experienced many bitter ones to which she was a stranger,) and to relieve them. Now he secluded himself frequently from her society, remained hour after hour in his room, or walked sadly and silently along the margin of the little silver lake which gently flowed through the fertile valley, and where she could see him from her chamber window look towards Vienna, and weep, long and bitterly. But she experienced some sweet consolation—she knew no unkind act, on her part, no want of filial, faithful filial love from her, had inflicted the wounds which so anguished the existence of her venerable parent; and she had another solace, it was in culling the fairest, freshest flowers from her little garden, and, filling her basket with them, seek the graves of her mother and brother, and strew them with the produce of her carefully cultivated parterre. The graveyard where they

slumbered was her evening haunt ; there she would sit until the empress of night would rise in the vast and starry expanse above, and shed her silver light over the little church and its humble spire.

One evening she returned home, and entering the cottage, discovered Christian attentively gazing on a miniature ; he did not perceive her entrance, and he said, " Rosina's eyes are black, so were thine, Christine ; Rosina is fair ; Christine thou wert like the lily ; Rosina I believe innocent, so wert thou, Christine. But thy purity was blasted, thou didst deceive thy father, robbed me of peace of mind, planted in my heart a distrust of all mankind, even of Rosina, she whom I think all innocence, yet fear to trust."

" Christine ! father, had I ever a sister ?" exclaimed Rosina.

" Ha, girl," sternly replied the old man, " is it you that steals thus on my privacy ? Begone, eaves-dropper."

" Oh, father," cried the innocent girl, " do not spurn me from thee so cruelly ; confide to me thy sorrows—I have ever studied to make thine age light and comfortable ; but, alas ! I could not, so long as you feared to trust to me—dispel that fear, and by night and day willingly would I sacrifice all pleasure for the greater joy of alleviating thy sorrows."

" Thou art of woman kind, Rosina," said Christian.

" So was my mother," replied the maiden, " yet you loved, you trusted her—while she lived, though sad at times yet you were comparatively happy, though even then, it seemed to me some dreadful secret preyed upon your soul."

" Thy mother—" he paused ; " nay, nay, Rosina, you had not a sister, and yet I had a daughter ere thou wast born—it is time thou should know, so come hither, sit down by me and listen. Now then, old lacerated heart, if thou canst rest awhile, permit me—no, I cannot, I cannot be the historian of my own shame, even to this young thing."

" Shame, surely," cried Rosina.

" Hush, Rosina, dare not suspect me, suspect naught—no one, girl ; be patient, you shall know, but do not let suspicion seize on thy young untutored mind ; once there, it will be like lightning striking on thy brain, flash will succeed flash, consuming fibre after fibre, until it will drive thee to madness."

" A thousand fancies," replied Rosina, " already sieze upon me—all, all insupportable ; your manner, the language I overheard ; alas, my heart beats now in anguish, it will never beat in joyfulness again !"

" Poor child, thou art weeping," said Christian, " and the cause of thy tears is unknown to thee—it must be told ; therefore, Rosina, here look upon this miniature, admire when I tell thee the painter was successful, every feature is correct.

" Beautiful !" said Rosina ; " though not my mother's features strictly, yet greatly they resemble her."

" Yes, Rosina, the being whose likeness is here so skilfully portrayed," continued the old man, " was like my wife, possessing the same mild beauty, the same winning grace. My first child was a daughter, I called her Christine, and she grew up in loveliness and innocence. We then resided in Vienna, where I enjoyed wealth, yes, and rank, for I was Count of Leitzenberg. She was the darling of my young wife, my pride ; a young father's love is ever mingled with pride, an old one's with anxiety, even too often with misery. She was dutiful, amiable and accomplished, and when she was of an age to be introduced into the fashionable world, crowds of admirers flocked to my princely mansion. Among others, a young Englishman of rank was the most favorable ; for he was formed in the full mould of manly beauty was insinuating, accomplished, all that could render him attractive—he could please the aged and the youthful, the serious and the gay. I was then but thirty-seven years of age, my knowledge of the world limited, and I received, admired, loved him, for my warm heart, which sorrow more than age has changed, believed him all that he seemed.—He proposed for Christine, she loved him, and I and her mother consented, and the day for their nuptials was appointed. Ere that day arrived, he prevailed on me to permit Christine to ride with him ; I suspected naught, she gave me the last kiss of innocence she ever bestowed, and the carriage drove off. Rosina, he betrayed her, and yet dared to restore her to my arms.—I know not how it was, but when I extended my hand, and received her's as she alighted from the vehicle, a chill came over me and I fainted. I was carried to my chamber, she followed, pale and trembling : her betrayer fled—from that hour I have never beheld him. The day appointed for their union arrived, the guests assembled, the bride adorned—although three weeks had elapsed since we had seen him, yet we did not suspect wrong, for he had written that business would detain him from the city until the day which was to make him happy ; ye he came not—we sent to his hotel, and was informed, that he had set off for England ! Then suspicion seized upon me ; I flew to Christine's apartment, all adorned as it was for the bridal,—told her that her lover had fled from Vienna. She shrieked violently, convulsion following convulsion. Oh, what anxiety did I suffer then : I suspected her guilty, yet I could not accuse her, for I feared that she was dying. Many weeks elapsed, and she recovered ; I rejoiced at it, for I loved her even in her shame. Whatever may be the errors of a child, Rosina, a parent cannot divest himself of that feeling which binds his child to his heart, uniting it with every fibre, each one seeming to break

with every error that the child commits. Events like these seldom can be smothered—the babbling nurse discovered the truth in the ravings of Christine, and repeated the foul tale—once abroad, it flew from circle to circle, and in the midst of this calamity, I became a bankrupt. Fancied friends deserted me, boasted credit forsook me, and I fled from Vienna with my wife and child to this solitude. Here you were born; yes, Rosina, you, my innocent, artless child, was the offspring of Christine. I loved her; in thy innocent baby smile all the feelings of a parent were again revived, and when I saw Christine a pale cold corpse, (for she died in giving thee birth,) I swore thou ne'er should'st want while I had a roof to shelter, a crust to share with thee."

(Concluded in our next.)

ORLANDO,

OR THE PERFIDIOUS FRIEND.

Night was fast approaching, the bleak winds whistled through the forest, the snow was descending rapidly, the naked branches of the trees rattled, and nature wore a dismal and gloomy aspect. Ugoleno wrapped his cloak tight around him, and quickened his pace, ere the path he wished to pursue should be hidden from him. The evening shades that were fast setting in, were rendered darker by the heavy clouds which seemed apparently to touch the bustling trees. Ugoleno was a stranger to the lonely country through which he was travelling; he had no one to cheer his solitary way; no guide to direct his wandering steps; all before him appeared a dreary waste; in vain did he gaze around him to see some cheering light; was still in hopes to hear some human voice; nought but the sound of the howling storm broke upon his ear; he cried aloud, but was only answered by the distant echo. He pursued his course, tho' he knew not where it would lead him. Looking eagerly around him, at a short distance he espied a tall figure approaching: he was clad in armor, and his dark plumes waved in the wintry blast. They both stopped short; Ugoleno drew his sabre—the stranger did the same—they gazed wildly upon each other; and it could just be discerned that they were men.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed Ugoleno. "I am, (answered the stranger,) a robber, and can, in an instant, prove my power."

He then gave a shrill whistle, and the door of a cave, that was near, was immediately opened; a band of armed men rushed out, bearing lighted flambeaux. They halted close by Ugoleno, who plainly perceived that he had fallen into the hands of robbers; his sword, which he so firmly clinched, dropped from his hand. The stranger sheathed his sabre, and, advancing toward Ugoleno, said to him "Follow me, ye have nought to fear."

There was a majestic nobleness expressed in the stranger's [who was their Captain] man-

ner, that expelled all fear from the traveller's breast, who immediately followed the bandit into their lonely cavern—a chair was handed to him, by a table, upon which burned a solitary candle, stuck in a human skull to answer for a socket. Skeletons and bones were suspended in various parts of the cave—the dull reflection of the faint glimmering light gave it a dreary and awful appearance. The men retired and left Ugoleno and the Captain seated alone. The bandit's dark eye seemed to read Ugoleno's very soul—he broke silence by addressing him as follows:

"Stranger, (as he called Ugoleno,) thou art young; the bud of thy manhood is just beginning to expand; doubtless thou hast seen but a few of the troubles of this world. Forty years have glided o'er my head, and twenty of which have proven me misfortune's child. The short history of my life will, perhaps, be of advantage to thee, and which, by thy consent, I will relate."

Ugoleno bowed assent, and the robber proceeded.

"My parents were wealthy, and I, their only child, was nursed with tenderness, and all my little whims indulged—life seemed one continued scene of happiness and pleasure—all my anticipated wants were realised; I was then a stranger to trouble. Among a number of youths whom I believed united to me by all the ties of friendship, with whom I associated, was Edwin Moron, who was handsome, lively and intelligent; he professed such sentiments towards me that I placed the most explicit confidence in him, and considered him a firm and unshaken friend. All my secrets I confided to him, thinking that they would forever be kept sacred; never did I once think that my confidence and hopes in him would be forever blasted.

We visited a number of young ladies, among whom was the lovely and beautiful Mary Mandeville—her mild expressive eyes, her graceful figure, her modest, unassuming deportment soon stole my youthful heart. Edwin suspected it, and endeavored to confirm his opinion by stratagem, but failed—at length he put the question to me. "My friend, (said I,) there is not one in the world, but thyself, I would tell, but friendship sanctions its secrecy." I then confessed the sincerity of my attachment for her. "Thy choice, (replied he,) I approve of, and will assist thee in obtaining the lovely Mary; for to serve thee, my friend, is a source of pleasure to me, more easily felt than expressed."

Shortly after this I visited the object of my affections; I was received with coolness by her family: a distant politeness marked their conduct, I was confounded; at length they all retired but Mr. Mandeville; my astonishment prevented me from speaking; Mr. Mandeville broke silence by thus addressing me:

"Orlando, I am aware of thy attachment to

my daughter ; I am anxious that Mary should be settled in life, but marriage, before entered into, should be well considered, and founded upon love and sincerity ; and without a man is temperate and regular, a family can never be happy. That Mary would make an affectionate wife, I am confident ; but thy visionary and dissipated life denies thee ever marrying my daughter. A friend has interested himself in her behalf, he has watched your proceedings, and pronounces you a dissipated libertine. I now forbid you the house, and Mary discards you forever."

He hastily left the room without hearing or waiting to hear my defence ; the blood rushed into my face ; my tongue refused its power of utterance ; I snatched up my hat and flew out of the house like a mad man, and went immediately home but there all seemed comfortless ; I retired to rest, but sleep closed not my worried eyes ; I lay anxiously awaiting the dawn of day ; the agonies I suffered were indescribable ; ten thousand thoughts rushed upon my imagination at once ; the sun at last illumined the morn, and closed a tedious and sleepless night ; I arose, and immediately repaired to the dwelling of Edwin, who had just arisen, and without the least preface I opened to him the secrets of my almost burning and agonizing heart—he assumed a look of sorrow, and thus addressed me ;

"Never fear, Orlando, I will myself see Mr. Mandeville, and find out the author of this base and ungenerous report ; and I, as thy friend, will not be backward in exposing the monster, who, when you was not present to defend yourself, attacked your character, and blasted forever your reputation, and the happiness you anticipated with the lovely Mary ; and I swear by him who rules the universe, that nothing shall be left undone to detect the villain, that he may receive the punishment he has so justly merited."

With many other remarks, we parted ; I proceeded towards home ; but scarce had I advanced a few steps before the beautiful figure of Mary caught my eye. I hastened to her, and after collecting my scattered thoughts, addressed her :

"Mary, thy father, last night, forbid me his house ; he branded me with the odious name of libertine, and taxed me with dissipation, but the most cruel of all was, that you discarded me. Tell me, my dear Mary, in your opinion, are these allegations true ? are they not false ? Thy father, without hearing my defence, hastily left the room ; I branded the author a liar and a coward ; he has nipt forever the bud of my happiness, and caused the girl I adore to despise me—tell me, Mary, who is the author ?"

She made no reply, but the silent tears trickled down her lovely cheeks, and in a sweet and tender voice she requested that I would leave her, as we were near her father's house.

"Mary, (said I,) leave thee I never will, until

I know the author." "Alas, (said she,) Orlando, I believe it not, I love thee too dearly to harbor so contemptible an opinion of thee, but beware, beware, Orlando, for the instigator of this foul report was thy pretended friend, the perfidious Edwin—'twas he."

At that moment her father turned the corner, he startled back with astonishment at seeing us together, and with a look and voice that pierced my very soul, commanded her home. I followed, at a distance, and perceived a carriage awaiting her at the door, into which she was hurried and driven off. I hastened after it. Great heavens ! what were my feelings and astonishment to find it stop before a nunnery ! I saw her for the last time as she was ushered within those gloomy and melancholy looking walls, which were to exclude her forever from society ; she perceived me, and waved her hand, to bid me a last adieu ! My brain was on fire ; I loitered about until near midnight, when I bent my way to the dwelling of the deceitful Edwin. I armed myself with a dagger—perfidious wretch, I mentally exclaimed, to-morrow's sun shall shine upon thy corpse ; the streets were wrapped in profound silence—I at length reached his house ; I climbed the fence, thence to the shed ; I raised his chamber window, and entered in ; his lamp was burning upon a table which stood near his bed ; the light reflected upon his face ; he was in a deep slumber ; I gazed upon his manly features ; the tears started from my eyes, and fell upon his cheek, and glistened like the dew drops upon the blushing rose ; I drew the deadly weapon from my bosom ; the clock tolled aloud the hour of twelve—I paused.

I joined this band of robbers, who have chosen me their leader—let me beseech you, young man, to beware of mankind ; here you see, before you, one who was surrounded with all the comforts of this life, hurled at once into the abyss of despair, by the snare of a pretended friend. Stranger, retire, dispel fear from thy mind, and sleep in peace ; to-morrow a guide shall be given thee for protection, who will conduct thee to thy lost path, and thou shalt again return in safety to thy friends."

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

THE GUERRILLA CHIEF.

Among the chiefs with whom Sir Sidney had formed an acquaintance, was one who from his undaunted recklessness in battle, defiance of every danger, and many escapes from death, was known by the appellation of 'Frere de Diable ;' and certainly, there was very little either in his aspect or manners that claimed much acquaintance with humanity. His countenance was ferocious in the extreme, and was rendered still more hideous by thick, bushy whiskers

that passed under his chin, and nearly encircled his face. On his shoulders, and sometimes over his head, he wore the skin of some animal, and in his belt were his pistols, knife, and dagger. His heavy hanger was suspended at his side, and his carbine slung at his back. The French, had set a great reward upon his head, but so terrible had his name become, and so accurate was the information he obtained, that many a boaster, who over night had sworn to conquer him, was found next morning weltering in his blood; and the soldiers looked upon him as an infernal spirit.

Sir Sidney having received intelligence of this chief being in the neighborhood of his cruising ground [the Mediterranean] wished to communicate with him for the purpose of gaining an accurate account of the situation and operations of the common enemy. Accordingly, with a small party, he landed an hour before day break, and the boat was concealed among the rocks, with orders for no one to quit her. After pushing their way over stock and stone, through bush and briar, climbing sometimes upon their hands and knees, and at others sliding down huge masses of rock, just as the sun rose above the wave, a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and they burst at once into an open space that had been partially cleared from the trees.

In one corner sat 'Frere de Diable,' while his troops of banditti lay stretched at length, or sat upon the ground in unconnected groups.—Some were still sleeping; others were awakening from their slumbers and stretching their limbs; while a few were examining their arms, or polishing their knives. The whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle aroused every soul in an instant; their carbines were unslung, and they stood prepared for action. It was a scene that Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvass. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognized, and a wild shout of joy proclaimed his welcome.

After a short conference, breakfast was prepared, consisting of fruits, wine and hard bread. The chief and the naval commander sat together. Immediately behind them stood the bugleman, and at the chief's left hand his sword-bearer, while the seaman of the party joined in the mess of the guerilles.

A few minutes had elapsed since this arrangement had been made, and the confusion had, in a great measure, subsided, when the report of a carbine was heard, and the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder.

There could be no doubt that the ball was designed for either him or the chief, and each for a moment gazed with defiance on the other as a mutual suspicion of treachery flashed upon their minds. But it was momentary.

The chief grasped the bugle, sprung upon his feet, and gave a blast that echoed from rock to rock. The men forsook their meal and

crowded round their leader, eager to execute his orders. Again the bugle sounded, louder and longer than before, and soon after was answered by another at a distance. The chief dashed the instrument upon the ground, gazed upon the lifeless corpse, clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth in demoniac rage, while the assembled group shrunk back before him. The distant bugle was once more heard and in an instant he became calm, issued his directions to the band, and turning to Sir Sidney, took his hand, requesting him to repair to his boat, and as soon as he saw smoke or fire in the wood, it was to be a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

This, however, did not wholly eradicate the doubts of foul play from the mind of the gallant sailor, but there was no time to dispute, for in two minutes the whole guerilla troop had disappeared, and not a vestige of them remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and half-emptied flagons.

Sir Sidney returned to the ship and passed the day in expectation of the concerted signal, determined to prove how far his suspicions were just, and what reliance was to be placed on 'Frere de Diable.'

Night came, and about the middle of the first watch bright flashes were seen in the appointed direction. Soon after that flames ascended, and it seemed as if the whole wood was in a blaze. The boats were again manned and after considerable difficulty, Sir Sidney succeeded in reaching the spot.

A yell of satisfaction resounded from the troop as the brave naval officer appeared amongst them. But if the scene in the morning was striking it was not to be compared with the present, where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. The chief leaned upon his sword, near a fire formed of dry logs, piled up on end, which burnt with great rapidity, and cast a red glare on the horrible figures that were gathered round. 'See,' said he, opening the fire as Sir Sidney advanced, and showing within the mutilated carcase of a human being nearly consumed, 'see—thus perish all our enemies! This is he who fired the shot this morning—we caught the wretch—he confessed the bullet was designed for me, and thus—thus—I am revenged!' The miserable victim, a French soldier, had been burnt alive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

THE ORPHAN.

Misfortune's blast across his path had swept, and he, exposed to the rude peltings of the storm, was shattered by its violence. His branches all had fallen to the ground, and he was left a withered, leafless trunk. Upon the bed of dangerous sickness stretched, so pier-

eing, painful, were his sufferings, in the intensity of deep anguish aloud he groaned. No mother's hand was nigh, no father's care, no brother's, sister's love to soothe, and his remaining hours of life, to render calm, and peaceful and serene. He was alone—a scathed and blighted plant. No friendly eye, save one that by him watched: for he a stranger was, and there were none that pitied his sad fate; but although of earth, each prop, and comfort it affords, had fled afar, he firmly leaned upon a heavenly support, a firm pillar of his ardent love, his hope, and trusted all to him who is the lone orphan's friend; And in his time of need, experienced a refreshing influence, and eager gazed, with longing eyes, upon his heavenly home. The livid hue that over his features spread, too plainly told that Death his victim marked; the dew on his cold forehead stood—his eyes, which just before had wildly rolled—were fixed. A chillness through his trembling system ran—from his breast heaved a deep sigh;—a loud groan, and yet a louder still did from him burst, as wearied nature yielded to the shock: then followed a convulsive gasp—his soul hard struggled to escape its “fleshy prison;” another effort, and his features wore of hope, the calm expression—all was still—his soul its lofty flight had winged to heaven, there to enjoy its pure and bright abode. Enshrined within the coffin, he was borne to his appointed place, and laid within the gloomy precincts of the narrow tomb; the earth was o'er him closed; no father then, or mother, brother, sister, shed the tears which grief, which love would prompt; they all were dead—and to his memory a silent tribute strangers paid.

MERTON.

I am, Mr. Editor, no dancer myself; but the enlivening nature of the musick; the beautiful and happy faces which smile around; the good order and regularity; and the free and friendly intercourse which prevail; possess charms which I am not *cold* enough to resist, and renders a public ball to me, one of the most pleasing *mental recreations*.

Upon this subject, I am aware that there are differences of opinion. But I received my education in the land of “steady habits,” where this kind of recreation is more indulged than any other; and I am clearly of opinion, that well regulated publick balls, form the most healthful and rational species of amusement that young people can enjoy—that they are indeed essential to preserve the balance of society, to keep us from moroseness and hypocrisy on the one hand, and low and vulgar habits on the other. They have a tendency to promote a friendly intercourse and refinement—to improve the manners and to render us more affable and polite—to keep our young men from drinking clubs, shooting matches, and billiard and card tables—to preserve our young women from prudery, from street-walking, and those

habits of slander and back-biting, which always degrade the female character, under severe restraints, and the privation of well regulated social intercourse. The human race is formed for society—for cheerful enjoyment, not for monkish austerity. The ardor of the young should be regulated, but not suppressed. It appears to me therefore, that those who are opposed to the toleration of *dancing*, are actuated by mistaken views as to its tendency, or by that moroseness of spirit which will not allow to others what it cannot itself enjoy. But, Sir, although these are *my* sentiments, I would not compel any one who is too *lazy* or too *conscientious* to dance, to countenance this amusement by his presence, any more than I would deter others, who have sufficient “music in their souls,” or activity in their persons to enjoy the lively exercise and the cheerful intercourse which it inspires

MENTOR.

A FRAGMENT.

————— I saw a fair and beautiful hand place a garland of fresh and fragrant flowers upon her brow—she who received it was fairer and lovelier still than they; her dark liquid blue eyes were beaming forth the expression of her happiness; her smile was radiant as the light of heaven, and her whole figure expressed the gay and buoyant feeling of her soul—she wore a single white rose in her hair, and I knew she was a bride!

He, the gallant and proud De Rance, stood gazing upon her with the high rapture of a happy lover: the past, the future, all seemed forgotten in that moment of exquisite happiness and of proud triumph; she was his, all his; her beauty, her confidence, her tenderness, her genius, her virtues, all were his, and he felt it would be bliss enough for him to devote his whole life to her.

I do not know of any thing more delightful than to witness the full and joyous expression of conscious happiness; that pure unclouded ray of light which seems to emanate from the soul, and which is beamed glowingly and tenderly upon the object of one's affection; like the rainbow on the clouds, it seems to steal the promise of future happiness; and yet it does not last; and as I looked upon that brilliant creature, animated and inspired, as she appeared, with the enchanting sentiments which filled her young and happy heart, I said to myself, “that garland will fade, and so will that smile.” As she turned away, a flower dropped from her bridal wreath; I placed it in my bosom, and passed on.

The beautiful vision I had seen saddened me; it was the *reality* of happiness, and yet it appeared to me like a passing shadow: I mused on the transitoriness of human enjoyment; I thought, the young, the gay, and the beautiful, are crowned with garlands of flowers; they bind them around their brows, and think that happiness shall last forever; but it is not

so, for the loveliest and happiest weep, and tears are mingled often, even with their brightest joys: the loveliest and the happiest die; and that which gives the bitterest sting to death, is, they are forgotten, even by those whose light, whose joy, whose heaven they were.

Those who received the homage of society; who were objects of unbounded admirations; those whose beauty kindled the glow of love and worship in a thousand hearts; and those, whose genius seemed the very inspiration of heaven, pass away, and are forgotten, as though they had never been.

I know not if the most splendid genius, the most elegant and powerful talents, the most divine beauty, neither the most impassioned and devoted affection can insure to us the recollection of those who survive us; and if there is a thought full of bitterness, which has power to humble the pride of the loftiest mind, and which subdues and saddens the tender and confiding heart, it is that. It is true, that the most universal homage paid to our memories, the most splendid monuments, and the most public demonstrations of sorrow and regret, could not affect our feelings in the world of spirits; but it is a sweet and consoling thought, that our names, and our virtues, and our talents, and the efforts of our genius, and, above all, that our devotion and tenderness will be held in grateful remembrance by those we have loved with unchanging fidelity; but it is not always the heart that cherished us the most kindly, which loved us with enthusiasm, with religious devotion, and preserves the remembrance of us the most inviolably; time heals the deepest wounds death ever made; new impressions and new attachments fill up the void in the most desolate heart; love's brightest and fairest, and more brilliant image, fades like evening tint away, when the veil of death shadows it, and there is enough of sadness and melancholy regret in the thought, that love alone cannot transmit to posterity the names of those it worshipped; but it is the echoes of fame, and not the soft and silver tones of love, that must perpetuate the name that would live immortal, even amidst the perishing and transitory things of this world.

—It was just two years from the day on which I saw the beautiful Cora crowned with the bridal wreath, in the freshness and splendor of her beauty, in the full consciousness of unalloyed happiness, and in the possession of the impassioned and tender affections of a generous and confiding heart; surrounded by all that was delightful and valuable in life; the idol of all who knew her; filled with health, and hope, and love—it was just two years from that day I saw her laid in the dark and silent tomb!—De Rance was weeping over it, desolate and passionately he wept over the lonely flower his love had cherished, and all nature seemed to mourn with him; the dry and withered leaves of autumn lay scattered

around him; the flowers were all faded, and every thing appeared to respond mournfully to the deep and melancholy feelings of his own heart.

The softer shadows of twilight had rendered every object almost indistinct; but I saw him still kneeling and weeping over the tomb of his beloved and beautiful Cora.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

An Idiot was observed one day, by a person of his acquaintance, to be standing in the highway, as if gazing intently upon some particular object, apparently amazed. On approaching him the person observed, "If I had not known you I should have taken you to be a *stump*;" to which the Idiot retorted, "If I had not known *you* I might have taken you to be a *gentleman*."

A fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom? "Aye," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you."—But, in half a dozen steps, the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip spur, curse and swear. "Why, thou lying rascal!" said he to the clown, "didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?" "Aye," replied the other, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

A Wary Creditor.—A dashing gentleman, who was not reckoned among the number of the best paymasters, visiting his hatter, fixed upon one of the hats in the shop which he wished to have sent home upon credit: this being refused, he exclaimed, "What! do you refuse to give me credit for a hat?"—when the hatter replied I have another trifling objection besides that of merely giving you credit—I should not like to be under the necessity of bowing to my *own hat* till you may choose to pay for it.

SUMMARY.

Red Marking Ink.—Vermillion half an ounce, salt of steel one drachm, finely levigated with linseed oil to a proper consistency.—*Lon. M. Reg.*

Rothschild.—It is stated in an Irish paper that baron Rothschild, can hardly write his own name. His signature to a check can only be deciphered by those acquainted—His niece received, as part of her marriage portion from him, a million of pounds sterling, with two millions to follow at fixed periods.

DIED,

In this city, on Sunday the 5th inst. THOMAS JENKINS, son of Daniel B. Tallmadge, Esq.

On Wednesday the 8th inst. Capt. OBED GRIDLEY, aged 68 years. His remains were interred with the appropriate Masonic solemnities. He was a revolutionary officer, and for a long time gaoler in this county.

In this city, on Sunday last, GILES DAYTON, aged 46 years.

In Cortlandt, N. Y. on the 22d ult. DANIEL R. BETTS, Esq. counsellor at law, formerly of this city.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
THE WORLD.

"To make a world it takes each kind
Of which the world is made ;"
Or good, or bad, whate'er we find,
Or by what passions sway'd :—
A mass prest, chaos'd, huddled, hurl'd—
One whole complete "to make a world."

A good man, now and then we meet,
But rare as fleetest comet ;
Howe'er, the whole were not complete
Excluding goon men from it :
Like diamonds in a heap of clay
The precious composition they.

Some full of dire deceit we view,
With words of fatal cast ;
Who feign you friendship fair and true,
E'en friendship's self to blast ;
Whose mouths drop honey, but beware !
'Tis all a deadly poison there.

With count'nance dark, and reigning gloom,
Behold the man of crime !
And how he dreads the awful doom,
That crowns the close of time ;
He fancies meet rewards await,
Dealt by a just creator's hate.

Fair cheek and fiery eye are theirs
In youth's delightful prime,
Unconscious what the world prepares
Of woe in after time ;
Then linger youth, for there alone
The blest deceit of life is known.

Echold old age with hoary head
And full experience nice ;
Through life's eccentric mazes led
By virtue, or by vice :
If virtue—mark his placid eye,
If vice—its dark malicious dye.

But other objects strike our eyes—
The world is all in view ;—
See where the reigning folly lies,
Devoted wights pursue :
Detected in their flowing bowls,
The bodies poison, and the souls.
Their families that should be to them
The havens of their bliss,
To want and sorrow, they condemn
A sacrifice for this ;
Their children and their injured wives,
The plague spots of their wretched lives.

Ah ! many a parent seeks the grave,
A refuge from despair ;
The son, that should have died to save,
Has ruthless laid him there :
And many a widow'd wife is left
E'en better than before bereft.

But turn my muse too foul the theme—
Too fallen to be sung :
Ah ! would it were a poets dream,
That moves the poets tongue :
But if the dread survey ye take,
Alas ! ye find him wide awake.

Sing praises to the Temp'rate man,
His kindred's hope and prize ;
(If it is in thy power to scan
His form with mortal eyes :
For eyes celestial scarce can trace,
That likeness in the present race.)

Joy tends him as a waiting maid
To give to life the zest,
And when on earth his debt is paid,
He calmly sinks to rest ;
No tears are feigned, nor forms of woe,
But all from innate sorrow flow.

I love the man of gen'rous soul
To sacred friendship dear,
Whose heart disdains the base controul
Of selfishness or fear ;
Who counts not hardships that attend
An effort to oblige a friend.

With such a comrade let me pass
The whirlpool in its force ;
Nor share the follies of the mass
Nor quite forsake its course ;
For friendship blunts its every ill,
And renders joys, more joyful still.

ORO.

Hudson, January 26, 1826.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
FRAGMENT.

Mark you the mournful waving of yon tree,
Beneath whose shade the flow'rs in silence bloom ?
It is a sight lov'd tenderly by me,
For 'tis a playmates calm and peaceful tomb.
The aspen leaves still quiver on the bough,
And the sweet rose and lily silent wave—
The hyacinth and ivy sweetly grow ;
To deck with blooms a young companion's grave.

HENRY.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space ;
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

PUZZLE II.—House-wife.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first's an inquiry that's humble ;
My second's a mandate that's strong :
As I trust on my charade you'll stumble,
It shall not be prolix, or long.

II.

Why is a family that hires a house like half a score of
your mother's sisters.

WANTED

A boy from 14 to 15 years old, as an apprentice to the
printing business.

A few complete sets of the First Volume of this pa-
per are still on hand, and can be had either bound or in
sheets, by applying soon at this Office.

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and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and
Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may
be left, or transmitted through the post-office.

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to receive attention.